

THE NEW PLAYS

"Call the Doctor"
Clever and Original

By CHARLES DARNTON

THE fellow who said the stage is always twenty years behind the times in its ideas will have to take it back. An idea as new as the day after to-morrow was brought out last night at the Empire Theatre in "Call the Doctor," a decidedly progressive comedy, presented by that young and enterprising producer, David Belasco.

It's as simple as calling in the plumber—simpler, on second thought. If your marital affairs are out of order, don't rush off to a lawyer and ask him to show you the shortest cut through the divorce court. Just call a doctor of domestic difficulties, put your "case" in her hands and trust her to restore your romance. All this is made quite clear in her clever, original and entertaining comedy by Miss Jean Archibald, "very young, very talented and"—as Mr. Belasco added after she had slipped away from him at the end of the second act—"very bashful."

Incidentally, the bright little play sounds a warning to wives who are so affectionate that they forget to be attractive and interesting to their husbands. This is the plight in which Catherine Mowbray finds herself. Enter Joan Deering, Doctor of Domestic Difficulties. At a glance she sees that the wife is all wrong, loving, fond, and with nothing to talk about but her troubles. The domestic expert also learns that Howard Mowbray is often in the company of Alice Spencer, a suburban Mary Garden, who exercises her voice and wiles in the city. Accordingly, she prescribes "vamping" to Catherine, taking quite a little off the top and bottom of her evening gown, teaching her the shoulder thrust and showing her how to cross her knees and put a kick in each ankle. Then she has her apt "patient" virtually throw her husband at the head of Alice, thus taking the sport out of that flirtatious lady's little game. But Catherine is too sensitive to make any headway with her husband, so she goes to the city and pretends to be having the time of her life at cabarets and road-houses. She is all jazzed up and talking gaily of divorce when her husband comes to the D. D.'s office and carries her off bodily.

Meanwhile Joan and a young lawyer entrusted with Mowbray's contemplated divorce action have fallen in love, only to have a falling out over the case, in which they take opposing sides. This leads to the most amusing situation in the play, when Joan and Dudley talk of their own affairs in the presence of the utterly confounded and indignant Mowbray. In the earlier stage of the courtship Dudley supposes Joan to be a doctor of medicine, and there is a funny scene when he cuts his hand and she, at the sight of blood, promptly drops to the floor in a dead faint.

Perfect poise at other times marked the performance of Janet Beecher as the "doctor." Miss Beecher both looked and acted her best. Charlotte Walker was in high comedy feather as the devoted, empty-headed wife, acting at first with plaintive humor, and in the end causing unbounded laughter by her extravagant behavior. William Morris fully realized the dull, bored husband, brought at last to his senses, and Philip Moravale played the lawyer suing for Joan's hand with engaging frankness. Mrs. Tom Wise was capital in the role of a dowager oppressed by the devotion of a husband who had never been away from home over night for the virtuous reason, as she explained, that he couldn't sleep in a strange bed. Jane Houston, in the role of the neighborhood siren, played with the husband much as a cat goes with a mouse. Fannie Marinoff gave a flashing portrayal of a temperamental Hungarian artist, and all the other members of the cast did excellent work.

This Belasco production of a comedy so truly feminine that it is sure to delight women lives up to the best traditions of the Empire.

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

IT LOOKS as if the National Commonwealth English Opera Company, which will open its season at the Lexington Theatre on Monday night with "Il Trovatore," is to be a very worthy organization. Among those who will sing are Lois Elwell, Mabel Austin, Eva Leon, Margaret Weaver, Ernest Davis, Joseph H. Steehan, Edith Helena, Daniel Denton, Harriet Behner, Lufas D'Arcles, Richard Bonelli, Stanley Deacon, Alfred Valentini, Curtis Johns and Francis J. Tyler. New talent will be given every opportunity to prove its worth with this organization.

WELL, NOW, WELLS!
Wells Hawkes, who is helping Gov. Cox in his race for the Presidency, earned yesterday that Mrs. Mark A. Lucachar favored Harding because the Senator is a dog fancier. He sent her a puppy and a letter in which he assured her that the dog was from Gov. Cox's own kennels in Ohio. However, on the crate was a card reading: "From Sen Sen Kennels, Brooklyn."

JOE'S BABY DIES.
Joe Robie's baby girl, Mary Elizabeth, who died at Oradell, N. J., Monday, was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery this morning. She was only ten months old, but Joe thought the world of her.

EXTRA MATINEES.
Brook Pemberton has decided to slip in an extra matinee of "Enter Madame," at the Garrick Theatre on Labor Day. "Well," says Brock, "why not?" John Golden has put in a special matinee of "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety Monday, also. John says that the 800th performance on Oct. 12 will synchronize with the anniversary of the discovery of America by Kit Columbus. How are you, any way?

CAN YOU GO?
From Boston comes the news that the Phillips Amusement Company has leased the old Circus Grounds on Huntington Avenue, and will put on some huge historical spectacles. If you haven't time to run over, better write the folks.

SLIM LEARNS THINGS.
Slim Severance of the Hippodrome Press Department advises us that 175 chorus girls in "Good Times" opened bank accounts during August. Tut, tut, Slim! Better not dabble!

OF COURSE, NOT!
"Tut me," said an interviewer to Andrew Tomber of "The Poor Little Ditzie Girl," "Is Tomber your real name?"
At Tomber chuckled. "Ki Plapdis, coth venandit!" he replied.
We don't, either.

MARIE DRESSLER GOES IN.
Marie Dressler will assume a role in "Wonderland on Broadway" at the Winter Garden, to-night. Several boys

By Way of Diversion.

Boy, fellows, here comes Skinny Smith; he's hoppin' off that wagon. Been fishin' with that flinted pole 'bout which he's been a-braggin'. Just pipe the two-inch fish he's got. He probably never caught it. I bet he found it in some hole, or else he took an' bought it. Now watch him! Ain't he actin' proud 'st 'cause he's got that minnier? Gee! Last July I caught a fish almost as big as Skinny. To him that one looks six feet long. It's sure to start him 'bout. Gosh! When he gets it cleaned they won't be nothin' left fer fryin'. The trouble is with Skinny Smith, he lets fine ideas win him. A kid that won't spit on his bait ain't got no fish in him. Now, Skinny's took this street fer home so's he kin brag an' dally. If I had such a fish as that I'd slip home up a alley.

scenes will be put in the show for her.

OPENING COLD.
It was warm Monday night at the opening of the "Greenwich Village Follies." As we waved our straw hat, Al Jones, who is interested financially in the show, came down the aisle. "Hope you like it," he said. "We're opening cold."

GOSSIP.
Boots Wooster will play the leading feminine role in "The Torador." "Democracy," a film, will end its run at the Casino Sunday night. "Little Old New York" popped off at Long Branch Monday night. It's headed for the Plymouth Theatre.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.
If you haven't anything else, go ahead and put a button in the collection box. The greaser may need it on his pants—Wellsville Optic.

FOOLISHMENT.
"Home Life in Russia" A girl from Topka named Sue said: "Ma, why do engines chew chew?"
Her mother grew mad And summoned her Dad And started a hullabaloo.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"Look at that wonderful coat. Can you beat it?"
"Beat it? Of course not! There's a law against cruelty to animals!"

KATINKA



JOE'S CAR



This Is the Same Goofus Who Parks the Glasses When the Girls Wade in the Tide!

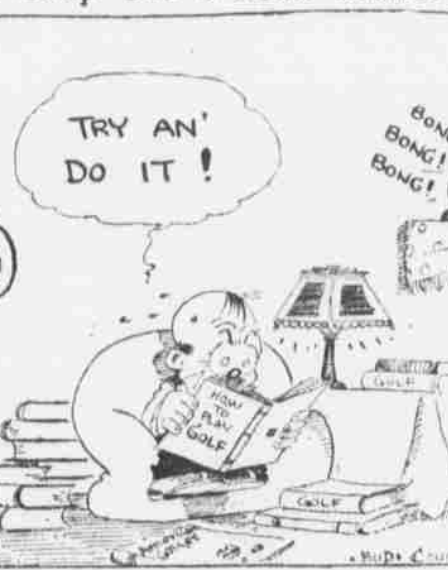
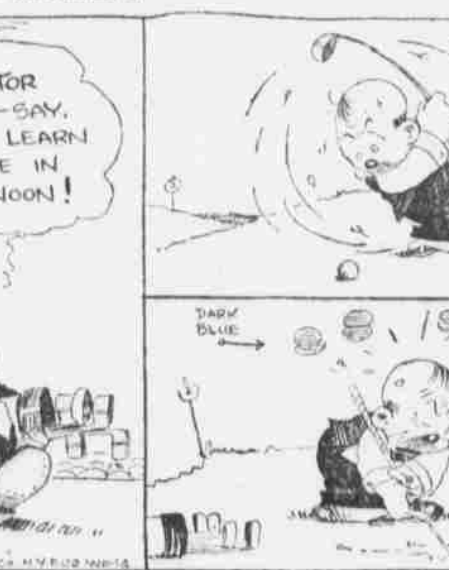
The Trip Is Over, but the Sight-Seeing Has Just Begun!

LITTLE MARY MIXUP



Guess This Kid's Running Home for His Bottle!

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



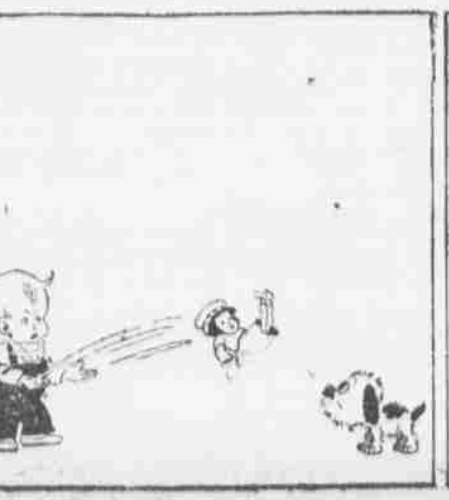
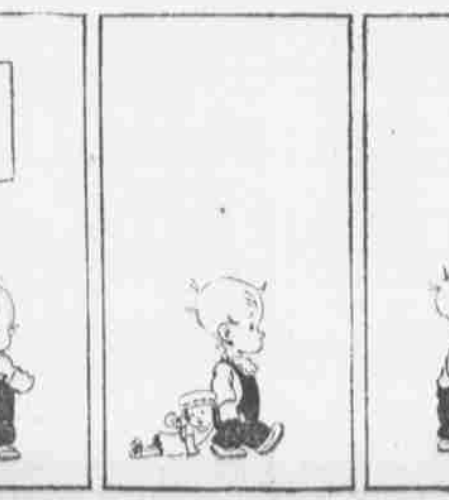
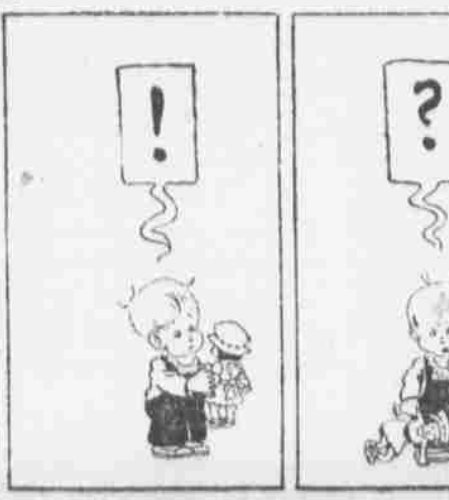
Why Don't the Simp Use a Bean Blower!

LEAVE IT TO LOU



When You're Polite to the Landlord It's Time to Stop!

RUSTY AND BUB



Rusty Isn't as Fussy as Bub!